The Undergraduate.

VOL VI. MIDDLEBURY, VT., NOVEMBER, 1880. NO. 2.

AT THE COLLEGE WINDOW.

Turn down the lights. The moon rides high
And lights a scene too wondrous rare,
For souls that reverence Nature's work,
To feed on studious fare.

Come hither to the window seat,
Beside me here, old friend of mine!
Four years together, we have been
Steadfast in rain and shine.

Through this old window, grey with age
Our longing gaze has often turned,
In hopes and dreams and—yes, in tears,
When Trial's task we learned.

But never yet, in all the years,
Has Nature worn so fair a dress.
The snow piles, falling from the trees,
Drop down with a caress.

Oh! could I paint this scene to-night,
And blend amongst the light and shade,
The heart thoughts of the time and place,
My fame could never fade.

The sad good byes, so soon to come,
The griefs and joys and hopes and fears,
The swift winged memories of the past
That take no heed of years;

All these should breathe their sweetest breath,
O'er these old trees weighed down with snow,
That sway, like kings, in ermine robes,
Their sceptres to and fro.

Good bye, dear campus, college, friend,
This night is given I know not why,
For us to feel how dear we are,
And learn to say good bye.

J. C. H.

THE IMAGINATION, ITS USES.

We all know the value of a picture to represent a truth to the mind. We can frequently get more information from an illustrated page in Harpers' Weekly than from an equal space of reading matter. A painting by a master artist may be made a subject of study for years.

The imagination is the picture-making power of the mind. It has from the earliest times received the admiration of the world. It is the imagination of Homer and Shakespeare that commands our profoundest homage. It is, however, often looked upon with suspicion, and is considered of doubtful benefit. The reason of this seems to be that its function is supposed to be limited to the domain of the unreal.

It is my purpose to present a more practical view of this power, to show that its office is not simply to create and portray things that are not, but that it is equally necessary in order to understand and portray things that are.

The imagination is the power that enables the mind to grasp truths. It is the source of the mind's energy. Without it there could be little mental activity or advancement. When a child becomes sensible of an object, an image of that object is made in his mind. This image remains even when the object itself is absent, and when another similar object is brought to the child's notice he associates the new image with the old, compares them, sees wherein they are alike and wherein they differ. This is considered the fundamental law of mental action. All intellectual attainments are simply the results of repetitions of this same process.

When reading a book, each word, if the reader sees in it any meaning, is suggestive of an image, and the facility with which these images are formed and discriminated is the measure of the rate that a book can be read and mastered. When words are not understood they suggest no images, and if they convey only a vague, uncertain meaning it is because the images suggested are vague and indistinct. Language cannot have a precise meaning unless mental images are precise. When learning the principles in a textbook, unless these principles are applied in imagination to individual concrete cases they are valueless.

The imagination enables us to realize a de-

scription. When reading a book of travel we can go along with the narrator, can see the things he describes, can enjoy the amusing events or grieve over his misfortunes. In imagination we can go to the pass of Thermopylæ and see the three hundred Spartans withstanding the host of Xerxes, we can sit down beside Socrates confined in prison awaiting his execution and listen to his sublime words of instruction, or we can go into a theater and enjoy a play of Aristophanes.

Tyndall, by a cogent course of reasoning, shows that the blueness of our atmosphere is due to dis proportionate reflection of the different component parts of the sun's light by minute particles floating in the air, but no human mind can take in the beauty and logical force of that explanation without a most lively use of the imagination.

The imagination is the forerunner in invention and in scientific research. It is the faculty that is feeling after something new. Scientific researches are at present directed toward the discovery of the nature of the ultimate atom and of the laws that govern the arrangement of atoms in bodies composed of them. In such researches the scientist has to deal with particles so minute that the most powerful microscope fails to reveal them. Investigations. such as these must, at best, result simply in hypotheses. These hypotheses must not be in conflict with facts arrived at by empirical inductions. They must be analagous to such facts, must even be based on them; but when inductions cease, when experiment is no longer possible, any further advancement must be made by the aid of a rational imagination. Were it not for this power we could go no further than actual observation would carry us. If observation showed that phenomena tended to prove a certain truth, we should have to stop short at the point where observation ceased. All further discoveries would be the merest chance. The microscope reveals objects as small as one seventy-five thousandth of an inch in diameter, but a scientist would say that between this and the smallest particle that can exist independently there is room for a world of combinations. It is among these minute particles where the microscope fails that imagination comes into use and searches for the explanation of phenomena.

Has imagination any place in history? Perhaps history is so dissociated in our minds from works of the imagination that the thought of any possible connection between them would be pronounced absurd. I would not advocate fictional history, but no pleasing or accurate account of past events can be given without the aid of the imagination. We might have a meager analysis of events, but not genuine history. History is something besides dry bones. An historian should give us not only an outline of events as they occurred, but he should give us a clue to the causes and effects of those events. Past facts cannot be recalled, comprehended, and correctly portrayed without a play of the imagination. It is this power that enables the writer to transport himself back to the times he is describing, to realize the condition of the people at those times, to feel as they felt and to see things as they saw them.

The reader of history is in no less need of an imagination than the writer. Unless we see more than is recorded on the pages of the world's history we know little of our past.

I have thus endeavored to show that the imagination has a legitimate and necessary office to to perform in the common affairs of life. But in order to be useful it must be in a healthy condition, it must be surrounded by the "firm frontiers of reason." Unrestricted it is a dangerous, a fatal power. It has been allowed to run wild without restraint and has thus fallen into distrust, and has entailed upon itself the ill repute under which it now labors. Yet it is a benign gift, necessary in every department of mental activity and notwithstanding its abuse it conduces to the best, the highest development of our being.

LORD BACON.

Gladstone says that the mind of Macaulay was that of an advocate. In the words of the premier "He was always reading, composing or conversing—never reflecting." This mental characteristic crops out prominently in his review of Montagu's Life of Lord Bacon. Whatever may be said in favor of Bacon on the score of his learning, his character, as drawn by the hands of the great Reviewer, is black enough. The greatness of his intellect, when contrasted with his acts of servility, faithlessness and official corruption, only serves to make him more contemptible in our sight.

In 1593 Bacon represented the county of Middlesex in Parliament. He there made a patriotic speech against raising large subsidies, which met with strong resentment from the queen and public ministers. Instead of standing manfully by what he believed and advocated as right in his speech, he was ready to abase himself in any manner that would remove the royal displeasure. This instance as well as others in his subsequent career shows that royal favor was a commodity for which he would barter every sense of honor or violate every obligation.

In the following year the office of attorney-general became vacant. Bacon had sought the appointment before, but was unsuccessful—probably on account of the opposition, from jealousy—of his own uncle Sir Robert Cecil, then prime minister. His cause this time, was espoused by the Earl of Essex, a young nobleman fast rising in fame and influence. Essex, to use his own words, "Spent all his power, authority, might and amity," to secure the place for his young friend. The office, however, was given to another. Then, Essex,—which shows the genuineness of his friendship—presented Bacon, who, at this time, was in reduced circumstances, with an estate worth £2,000. Tried by the old adage, "A friend in need, is a friend indeed," Essex was a sterling one. Essex soon reached the pinnacle of his fame from which his descent was as rapid as had been his ascent. He was now in a situation to afford Bacon an opportunity to requite his favors. He was a friend of both the parties at issue—the earl and queen—so that the office of mediator naturally devolved on him. He pleaded his benefactor's case faithfully until he saw that there was no hope of effecting a reconciliation and that by trying to prop the earl's fortunes he was in danger of shaking his own. As Burns says, "If *self* the wavering balance shake, it's rarely right adjusted." So it proved here. In one was gratitude, friendship, honor; in the other wealth, power, court favor. The latter outweighed the former in the mind of Lord Bacon. Strange that we must look among civilized nations, and the most advanced nation of the age and to the most learned man of that nation for such an instance of "man's inhumanity to man." Bacon not only ceased his intercessions with the queen, but at her desire he appeared at the bar as prosecuting attorney against his friend and benefactor. He was not content with only the conviction of the unfortunate prisoner, which could have been obtained by merely proving the indictments against him and which was all that professional duty required, but he must seek to defame his name by an ill-omened comsarison of him to Pisistratus, Athens' great tyrant, and Henry, duke of Guise, France's great traitor. This is but one act of many that have disgraced the career of this illustrious scholar. His manner of conducting the trial of Peacham, when attorney-general, his biased decisions as Judge in chancery and the receipt of nearly £100,000 as bribes in the same capacity, are among the most disgraceful acts of mal-administration committed in that enlightened age.

The Parliament that assembled in March, 1621 brought twenty-three charges of official corruption against Bacon while holding the high office of Lord Chancellor. He plead guilty and was sentenced by the house of Lords to imprisonment

in the tower at the king's pleasure and to pay a fine of £40,000. He was furthermore declared incapable of holding any office in the State or of sitting in Parliament.

Thus ended the public career of this unworthy man. It is plain that the desire of wealth, titles and high positions, was the one that was continually disturbing the equipoise of the needle of his conduct and causing it to veer from the north star of truth and honor. The world may glean much wisdom from his writings, but if it could thoroughly learn the lesson of his life it would be much wiser. He may have had the eloquence of a Demostenes, the intellect of a Plato, but, if Macaulay is to be credited, he had the heart of a Judas.

IN THE LIBRARY.

There is no subject more hackneyed than that which treats of the books we read; and there are few subjects which demand more careful attention. In this age when books, good, bad and indifferent, are as plentiful as kernels on an ear of corn, it is as difficult to avoid the poor ones as to find those which are worthy the time required for reading them. About as easy a rule as can be found, is to read only those books whose authors have gained for themselves a genuine reputation in literary work, for if an isolated instance occurs where but one book of an author is worthy attention, the curious ones in the reading world are sure to find it out and communicate it to others. There is usually a sort of character stamped in the letters, lines and binding of a book, which gives it acceptance or rejection as unerringly as the face of a human being. Of course we are at times deceived in books; so we are in our fellow men. The novel does not hold the place to-day among the reading public, which characterized it but a few years ago. A novel must be of very superior order to elicit the notice of such papers as the *Nation* and *Independent*, and such magazines as the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's* and *Harper's*.

While it is not safe to rely entirely upon a critic's cursory reading of a work, yet its imperfections can be pointed out in a short article, and if they seem too numerous, time can be gained by avoiding those which at first call upon us for a reading. A regular time for reading will afford a wonderful amount of enjoyment. Chas. Dickens sat at his desk for three hours every morning, no matter whether he wrote a word or not, and the same inflexible rule of regularity would make us better readers and better talkers.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"The club-room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent, and the lemons for Johnson There are assembled those heads which live forever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke and the tall thin form of Langton, the courtly sneer of Beauclerc and the beaming smile of Garrick; Gibbon, tapping his snuff box, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up, the gigantic body, the huge massy face seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig with the scorched foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling, we hear it puffing; and then comes the 'Why, sir!' and the 'What then, sir?' and the 'No, sir!' and the 'You don't see your way through the question, sir!'"—*T. B. Macaulay.*

"Johnson, to be sure, has a rough manner; but no man alive has a better heart. He has nothing of the bear but the skin."—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

"Rabelais and all other wits are nothing compared to him. You may be diverted by them; but Johnson gives you a forcible hug and squeezes laughter out of you, whether you will or no." *David Garrick.*

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., NOVEMBER, 1880.

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EDITORIAL.

WE are late again, and again we say it isn't our fault. We have threatened the printer with death in all its forms; we have even attempted in cold blood to talk him to death, and for the first time have failed. We have even threatend to withdraw our patronage, at which he dances around the sanctum in demoniac glee and waves about his head a carelessly worded contract.

But honestly and truly we will be out earlier with the December number.

WE expected to devote at least two columns to our athletics but, like a certain historical flea, they have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. No! we don't mean that exactly, but the idea we wish to convey is something to the effect that we "canot be comforted because they are not." Only a few days ago an expensive foot ball blessed us with its jovial rotundity and for a time all went merry as a marriage bell, barring a few bruises and an occasional demand for a stitch in time. One little pin hole appeared upon the scene of action and our athletics have dropped back into their usual lethargy. What and where are our athletics, any way? Our landladies alone can answer, for they alone behold in us anything of the nature of physical exercise. Where is the one hundred thousand dollars, which loomed up in the near future at last Commencement? If we are not to have it at all, could you just let us have a few hundred dollars for a gymnasium? Painter Hall in its massive grandeur spreads its sheltering roof at present over three tenants. In this age of advance the students seek the buildings which contain more of the modern improvements. Now, therefore, would be a good time to remove the partitions and floors of the north division and at a small expense give an opportunity for exercise to students who will not do it except in the form of play. The only exercise which offers itself in the form of work any way, is sawing wood and we burn coal. We need and must have more exercise, but under the existing state of affairs we can only sit here in the sanctum and cry aloud, "Is there no public citizen of this nineteenth century with the moral courage and physical ability to step to the front and stop up the pin hole in that foot ball?"

This everlasting passing from our rooms to recitations and from recitations to our rooms is too monotonous for mortals whose blood has not stagnated to endure. We act like denizens of the enchanted palace to whom one faculty alone has been granted, that of motion, and a mighty slow

motion it is, too. As we hung our editorial ear out of the window in search of material for copy the other day we actually heard this remark, "I am dying by inches of *ennui;* will some one be kind enough to kick me?" and our finger tips tingled in the delight of anticipation, but nobody kicked. It was too much trouble.

"Oh! Rome, Rome, thou hast been a tender nurse to me," said Spartacus, and he could have lifted an ox that very day. What will our parents say when we come home, after four years in college, physically unable to assist in lifting the mortgages on the farm?

We hope these few suggestions will awaken a little energy. If they fail we can only fall back on the old fervent prayer that some travelling menagerie may get loose on the campus and gladden our eyes with the sight of a student moving at a rate of more than a mile an hour.

If a temperature below zero is necessary to produce a devout frame of mind of course we will be silent, but outward indications seem to prove that the contrary is true. Only one corner of the chapel is sufficiently warm for comfort at the morning exercise and if the winter should be a long one we tremble at the profanity which will have obtained a foothold when spring arrives. If it is too expensive to heat the roomy chapel then let us adjourn to the philosophical room. It is a sad sight to see the four classes mixed up as they are when in the smaller room, but it is better so than to freeze. In the recent squabble at the chapel door we overheard some one quoting from Shakespeare, and offering advice to a beligerent Soph, saying "go to! go to!" with a dash instead of an exclamation point and the answer came back "With pleasure, I should have been frozen stiff in five minutes more." The Seniors would enjoy a change of treatment for their sense perceptions. The Juniors insist that more carbon shall shall be oxidized. The Sophs affirm that the radiation of heat in the chapel must be represented by x as it is an unknown quantity, and the Freshmen come shivering down the stairs crying "Aint it cold" and borrow their landlady's flat-irons. Now this is a terrible state of affairs which should be looked into.

Is Sparta dead? If not, why don't the students of this college step to the front with essays and orations for the paper?

We attempted a pathetic appeal to the hearts of our embryo men of letters in the last issue, and have been waiting patiently ever since for an effect. We do not understand the unwillingness of our students to publish what they have written.

If an article is worthy of presentation before the college or before a class, it is worthy a place in the paper. Essays and orations are handed in to the professors for examination, but if an Undergrad. editor comes in sight, away thay go, whisked into an inside pocket.

Come boys, don't be afraid of a little glory! If you do not thirst for renown, at least be humane, and don't compel the editors to wear out patience, bone, sinews, muscle and shoe leather hunting for a literary article. Send it out in the world without your name if you are so timid, and who knows—glory, fame, gold, homage and a position as reporter on some county paper, may follow.

It is amusing to watch the different methods pursued by our students, in assuming comfortable positions in the recitation rooms. Our seats are very neat, and for a session of fifteen minutes, not uncomfortable; but when used to the extent of an hour or more, no amount of squirming will dispel the conclusion that they were made with the hard side of the boards upwards. We do not approve of lounging in class, but still, a professor should not take it as a token of disrespect if a student makes use of the next seat in securing an easy position. The professor in his cane seat chair, tilting to and fro, should remem-

ber that our seats are fastened down and are very far from being "flowery beds of ease," and spare us when our heels show an upward tendency.

Co-education will probably reach Middlebury ere many years, and then the days of putting one's feet higher than the head will be over, so the privilege will be but a temporary one and easily tolerated.

LEAP YEAR is almost over and while co-education has been rampant, Vassar has not leaned over toward our sex one particle, at least not publicly. Can it be possible that after we have cultivated these mustachios and whiskers with such untiring fidelity, they still prefer to bless us with their smiles only during the summer vacation! And yet their local notes are headed thus: "Thomas has left college."

Oh! Vassar! How could he? And how could you? There must be some explanation. We have been sending our daughters—that is—our fathers have been sending our sisters to Poughkeepsie, only to be slighted and ignored by some plebian "Thomas" who actually turns his back on them and leaves college. But soft! perhaps it was the cat. As true as we live, we did not intend to quote "Pinafore," and if we may be excused from the fine we will refrain from saying more on co-ed, until Vassar has spoken.

As we go to press, we learn that a volume of poetry will be issued about Christmas, compiled entirely from the college journals.

It will be divided into several departments. Poems of Nature, Sentiment, Imagination, Love, &c. The aim of the compiler is to represent all of our American colleges impartially, and give to the public a work so thoroughly collegiate in its character, that all will be interested; for who is there that hasn't either a brother or a cousin, in college. The book will take among the young ladies certainly, for as a rule there are those in college who are even nearer and dearer than relatives. We do not say that this is a want long felt, but we do prophesy that when it has been advertised, the want will be felt and will find expression in the demand for a second edition. There are many genuine inspirations among the college poetry of the day, and too many of our students ignore entirely after leaving college, a gift which promises much to the world,—the gift of composing graceful and fluent rhyme. As a rule the original poems contributed by our students are superior to their translations, and it would be well if more could find their way into the columns of the college paper. The amount of doggerel which is printed is far less than can be found in the weekly and daily journals in the country.

Some of our best poets did their most excellent work while in college; and many a man capable of good literary work, has been lost to the reading public for lack of the proper encouragement and criticism. More verses will lead to better verses in our papers, and if old and hackneyed themes can be avoided, more interest will be taken in the various publications.

Now and then a perfect gem will appear and run the rounds of the college papers, and he who collects these and gives them to us in book form, is doing a deed worthy of rich reward.

IF two or three of our students or a class would take the matter in hand earnestly, we see no reason why there may not be a successful lecture course here this winter. Season tickets might be sold in advance sufficient to ensure against any great loss, and whatever amount might be taken in at the door would be exceedingly useful in improving the appearance of our college paper, or for a few extra touches on the "Kaleidoscope," or it would work in well toward

making our uninviting reading room more attractive. As a last resort the active workers might pocket the proceeds themselves. And speaking of the reading room, why doesn't the committee levy a small tax on each of the boys and fix that up a little? The full page illustrations which come with the London News would be better than nothing to relieve the bareness of those walls.

Some of the pictures are admirable cuts and printed on heavy paper. If some few would take the initiatory steps we doubt not the rest would soon fall into marching line and give us a really attractive place for reading.

It would not be a bad plan to saw that long table into three small ones. One for the monthly periodicals, one for the weeklies and a third for miscellany. As it is, one must needs dive and plunge several minutes before he can fish up any desired article, and the time which we can spend in that room under the present order of things is too precious to waste.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments of the Communication Column.]

Editors of Undergraduate:

I doubt if you will find anybody more willing than I am to believe that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" for I have been through the process myself and have been soothed, but there is a sta e in the developement of musical ability where the breast that is already soothed takes the back track and becomes savage. When the boys go plunging up and down the scales in the solitude of their rooms it *drives* one away from books and when they are together it *draws* one away so between annoyment and allurement I can only fly to you, for of course I do not wish to incur their displeasure by speaking to them *personally*.

If a fellow attempts to invoke the muse, no matter whether it be for orations, essays or rhyming, before he gets fairly seated some one flings up his epiglottis and lets out a whoop that would startle a North American Indian; or still worse, at times there will come down through the ventilators the strains of that enchanting melody "We sail the ocean blue," for it is a scandalous fact, there are those in the college, who, forgetting the death penalty, sing Pinafore in the privacy of their rooms. There is a limit to human endurance and unless we can have peace and more of it, I shall begin to sing myself, and then Heaven help them.

Of course singers must practice some time, but there is no reason why they should practice in the hearing of others during study hours. It must be a queer sensation to have a conscience so clear that one feels like singing all the time any way.

Since I began this I have been regaled with Hail Columbia, Twickenham Ferry, The Warrior Bold and Grandfather's Clock, from all sides. In order to express my feelings fully I should be compelled to use glaring, scarlet ink and a red hot pen.

There!!! I knew it would come—that's Pinafore. I am powerless. Pray for me.

Yours, X. Y. Z.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

We stop the press to say that we have peeped into the December Number of St. Nicholas, and the illustration is simply superb. We shall give it space in the next issue.

American Newspaper Directory. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. This is an invaluable book for advertisers, and is not without interest to all who care to watch the growth and development of the American Newspaper. How they have been able to collect the information necessary for so large a work, containing so few errors is a mystery.

No. 14 of the Atlas series has just been published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 111 and 113

William Street, New York. It is entitled "The Practical Work of Painting" and consists of art essays, with portrait of Rubens after Flameng, and a chapter on etching by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. It will be sent by the publishers on receipt of price, 60 cents. 8 vo. paper covers, illustrated.

TWENTY-ONE NUMBERS OF SCRIBNER'S FOR $5.—The first Part of the now famous serial by Eugene Schuyler, "The Life of Peter the Great," was finished in the October number of Scribner. With November begins Part II., "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer," which will be an advance, in point of popular interest and wealth of illustration, upon the part already published. To enable readers to secure Part I. the publishers make the following special offers to new subscribers after October 20th, who begin with the November number.

(1.) New subscribers may obtain, for $5.00, *Scribner's Monthly* for the coming year, and the previous nine numbers, February to October, 1880, which include Part I. of "Peter the Great," Mrs. Burnett's "Louisiana," etc. In accepting this offer, twenty-one numbers will be had for $5.00.

(2.) They may obtain the previous twelve numbers of *Scribner's* elegantly bound in olive-green cloth (two volumes), containing Part I. of Peter the Great, all of Cable's novel, "The Grandissimes," with the numbers named above, and a year's subscription, for $7.50. (Regular price, $10.00.)

All book-sellers or news-dealers will take subscriptions and supply the numbers and volumes mentioned in the above special offers, without extra charge for postage or express; or the publishers, Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New York, may be addressed direct. The regular price of *Scribner's* is $1.00 a year, 35 cents a number.

THE ATLANTIC for 1881 will contain serial stories by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, George P. Lathrop, W. H. Bishop, W. D. Howells and Henry James, Jr., short stories and sketches by Harriet Beecher Stowe, T. B. Aldrich, Sarah O. Jewett, Constance Fennimore Woolson, Mark Twain, Rose Terry Cooke, Elihu W. Olney. Essays on historical and social sudjects by Goldwin Smith; Edward Everett Hale on the life of the world in the time of Christ; William M. Rossetti on the "Wives of the Poets," and others by John Fiske and Joseph Dugdale. Travel sketches in Norway by H. H. and by others on other lands. Discussions of living questions in politics, education, industry and religion. Its contributors include Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Hale, Whipple, Howell, Aldrich, Stedman, James Warner Waring, Fiske, White, Scudder, Bishop, Twain, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Phelps, H. H., Miss Jewett, Miss Larcum, Miss Preston, Miss Woolson, Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Thaxter, and many others of the best American writers. Terms $4.00 per year. The numbers for November and December will be sent free to all new subscribers who pay for 1881 before December 20. Remittances should be made to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park St., Boston, Mass.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Has the choir struck?

Chapman & Co. are doing business at the Vallette stand.

They forgot that the reading room "is sacredly dedicated to silence."

The boats have been taken from the water and laid aside for winter.

A Freshman wants to know "what's the need of having a *Ram* in college any way.

The new Stewart block was recently destroyed by fire. The loss was about $30,000, which was partially covered by insurance.

M. A. Brooks of the senior class has been compelled to leave the class on account of ill health. He has gone to his home in Connecticut.

If a man gets up in the morning with any

latent energy these days, he usually shakes it all out, shivering during chapel exercises.

The quartette spent the week before Thanksgiving giving concerts through the northern part of the State. They report a pleasant time and good audiences.

Thanksgiving was enjoyed as usual for we all had a "day off." As many of the students went home there were but few at the exercises Friday and Saturday.

Prof. in Psychology: "Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical student, thoughtfully: "Yes, sir, a poor singer in a chorus."

It is reported that the whole Freshman class "flunked dead" the Friday after Thanksgiving, but as they were all home but one the facts in the case cannot be fully ascertained.

Now is the time when the student searches among the wild confusion of articles on the top shelf of his closet, in his trunk and under the bed for "those darned skates he had last winter."

Instructor in Intellectual Science—"Which of the two named cases had the fuller concept?" Senior, whose concept of the subject was rather dim, hesitatingly—"Probably." General lack of connception.

Several of the students took severe colds at the fire in the Stewart block, but these would have been overlooked if "Thad." had only kept ready-made clothing, as he did not the colds were hard to bear.

Prof. in Psychology. "Scientists affirm that the time will come when the degree of cold will be 450 below zero." Senior, shivers, draws on his overcoat and puts another stick of wood in the stove.

A Junior in mechanics finds that 9 is to 5 as 7 is to 3 and finally arrives at the conclusion that 28 is equal to 35. The class was dumb with astonishment at the result and copied the figures for future study.

A student translates the "E Pluribus Unum" on the new silver dollar, "one for many," saying, he never was so fully aware of the import of this as when he had only one in his pocket and bills coming in from all sides.

The majority of the Freshman class refused to take a "bolt" recently when a good fair one was offered to them. They waited like good little children until the Prof. came up and then said their little lesson as only a conscientious Freshman can.

Members of the Freshman class have joined college societies as follows: The Delta Kappa Epsilon, E. G. Lathrop; Chi Psi, E. F. Preston, G. A. Stewart and C. R. Piper; the Delta Upsilon, Jas. TenBrœke, C. H. Prindle, Chas. Billings. E. P. Miller and R. J. Barton.

The Junior who tested the odor of chlorine by personal experiment says the experiment was not very brilliant, and if he were to try it again knowing as much about it as he does now, he would not smell of it at all but would get some other fellow to do it or omit that part altogether.

The convention of the Western Vermont Musical Association opened Tuesday afternoon, November 30th and closed December 3d, the sessions being of unusual interest and importance. The chorus, numbering about seventy-five, sang with a degree of precision rarely attained to with so little practice. The music was mainly from the pen of the popular conductor, Mr. L. O. Emerson. The concerts and the matinees were all that the appreciative audience could have desired. Mrs. Walker's rich full voice and finished execution won for her a flattering reception. Lack of space forbids particular mention of the many attractive features, though we cannot forbear to speak of the Rev. Mr. Thomas, a member of the college quartette of twenty years ago, whose genial face and manly voice contributed not a little to the general enjoyment.

There is a vague rumor about, which causes us to feel quite anxious for our respected alumni. It is in reference to a theological student and we are not certain whether said student was a graduate of this college or not. If anyone can inform us we will be greatly obliged. It is reported that a theological student who had finished his Seminary studies was undergoing an examination with view to ordination. His theology appeared very much mixed, and his answers as incomprehensible as Porter's Intellectual Science. The candidate, feeling his weakness said to the committee that he was not much on theology, but big on Bible stories. The committee decided to have him try one and so suggested the story of Jezebel. The candidate brightened up and began: "One day as Jezebel sat up in her chamber window with her face painted and her hair

crimped, Ahab called out from below 'throw her down' and so they threw her down. He said 'throw her down again,' and they threw her down again. And they threw her down not only seven times seven times but seventy times seven, and of the fragments that remained there were taken up twelve bushels full. The last end of that woman was worse than the first. In the kingdom of heaven whose wife shall she be? Go thou and do likewise." We did not even learn whether he was accepted.

PERSONALS.

'54. James K. Batchelder was elected Presidential elector for the 1st (Vt.) Congressional District at the late election.

Ginn and Heath have recently published editions of Shakespeare's plays annotated by Rev. H. N. Hudson.

'57. Judge W. C. Dunton has been elected president of the State Bar Association in place of John L. Edwards resigned.

'60. A. L. Mann, ex-city superintendent of schools at San Francisco, Cal., is at present residing in that city.

'60. George Richardson is a member of the law firm of M. A. Thayer & Co., Sparta, Wis.

'60. John Russ resides at Oakland, Cal.

'63. Maj. W. D. Brennan of '63 was re-elected at the last general election as member of Assembly from Franklin Co., N. Y., for the third consecutive term.

'65. Julian C. Sanders, at one time a member of '65, was the Democratic candidate for District Attorney of Franklin Co., N. Y., at the last election

'68. E. H. Higley has been elected second vice president of the State Cavalry Association.

'68. F. D. Mussey, private secretary of Gov. Foster of Ohio, is reported by the Ohio papers to have done excellent service during the late campaign as a stump speaker.

'60, '69. J. K. Williams, of West Rutland, Vt., at the late meeting of the Rutland Co. Association of Congregational Ministers, read a very interesting essay entitled "The New Testament plan of prayer in a minister's work." At the same meeting R. C. Flagg discussed "The Radical difference between a true christian and one who is not."

'69. Prof. H. S. Baker of River Falls, Wis., and a local preacher of the M. E. Church, has been elected to, and has accepted the Principalship of Franklin School, St. Paul, Minn. The church at River Falls loses an able member, the Sunday School, a No. 1 Superintendent, and the cause of Temperance an able advocate. While we regret his departure, we congratulate the educational circles of Minnesota on the acquisition they have made.—*The Church at Work.*

'75. H. W. Page is reported to have been run over and killed by the cars at Chicago last Summer while crossing a railway track.

'78. Julius W. Atwood's address is care of J. S. Morgan & Co., London, England.

'79. E. H. Farnsworth is Principal of Warner (N. H.) High School. He is now a married man.

'79. N. H. Munsill has been married to Mary Moses, of Malone, N. Y., and has taken up his residence at that place and entered Judge Hobbs' law office, intending to practice law.

'80. S. B. Cady is slowly recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

'80. Mr. H. R. Dorr has been visiting in town.

EXCHANGES.

Look again C. C. N. Y. We said just exactly the same thing that you did and you got mad.

The Brunonian visits us regularly. It has excellent editorials, but in other respects it is decidedly weak.

The Tripod still prospers. It is well published, neatly printed, abounding in items of college interest and compares quite favorably with other western exchanges.

The College Olio we hold in high estimation. We only wish that its literary merits were as prominent as the paper is attractive and noticeable in outward appearance.

The Rutgers Targum shows able and faithful management. It is excellent throughout its various departments. The literary articles, the editorials, the exchanges, and personals all are written with care and interest. Rutgers may well be proud of her paper.

Williams Athenæum, we congratulate you. We admire the gay and tasty dress you now ap-

pear in. Your editorial, local and exchange columns are full, straightforward and interesting, but we are surprised to find so little care and attention expended on tbe literary department.

We read the Madisonensis because we enjoy it. It never fails to interest us. A certain frankness and manliness pervade every page which causes one to feel at home. We can rely on a good literary article in each number. The town and campus items are for the most part attractive.

Our time was well spent in reviewing the Collegian and Neotuian. "The Genius of Hawthorne" and "Russia and her Troubles" are topics of interest, well treated, and will repay a careful reading. The editorials are commendable: the locals and exchanges notes full and complete.

The Chronicle still maintains its high reputation among college exchanges. One of the most noticeable features of the issue for November 13, is the article entitled 'Will it Pay?' We offer no comments. The simple fact that this article appears in the Chronicle is proof that it is a sound and instructive production.

In looking over the College Rambler we were greatly surprised to find no literary articles. Our exchanges from western colleges, as a rule, are excellent in this department. In other respects the Rambler is a success. The locals under the head of "Ramblings on the Campus" are the most praiseworthy feature.

Since our last issue we have received the University Quarterly from New York University. It comes on it's first visit to us. We heartily welcome it. The Quarterly is in magazine form, containing forty-two pages of pleasant and interesting reading. From our short acquaintance we are favorably impressed with the Quarterly and shall look with pleasure for the appearance of the next issue.

The University Press is an enterprising paper, well supplied with choice reading. In literary work it has few rivals. "The Solitude of Genius" in the issue of October 8, is an able article. It is forcibly written. The sentences are short and concise, yet clear and suggestive. We are glad to meet with articles of this nature. They give satisfaction to the reader and bear evidence of faithful work in the college from which they come.

The Vassar Miscellany has no equal among college periodicals. We make this statement boldly and without fear of contradiction. Faithful literary work is a prominent feature in the Miscellany. The introductory essay of the October number, "How far is it wise to use the principle of emulation to promote intellectual exertion" we keenly approciated. Gladly would we quote from it but a mere quotation will not do the article justice. One must read it entire to fully see its merits. 'Macaulay as a Literary Critic' is a just criticism on this remarkable critic. The writer thoroughly understands Macaulay and points out severely, yet justly the faults and the apparent injustice of many of his criticisms. Yes, Vassar Miscellany has many excellent qualities. The "Editors' Table," "Home Matters" and "Exchange Notes" are written in a happy and pleasant style. Among many virtues the Miscellany has one serious (?) fault. We refer to the scarcity of poems. The October number can not boast of a single verse of poetry. This is a mystery to us, for we had always thought Vassar would be a delightful retreat for the Muses. We hope to find proof of this in the next issue.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Two Japanese ladies at Vassar.

Cornell has decided to send a four to England.

The Chinese Professor at Harvard has three pupils.

The great Mohammedan University at Cairo in Egypt, has 10,000 students and 300 professors.

The Sophomores of Bates have elected a colored student, son of a former slave, for Orator.

Three Presidential candidates, Grant, McClellan, and Hancock, graduated in the class of '44 at West Point.

Seventeen out of the thirty-five United States Senators from Massachusetts have been furnished by Harvard University.

In 1839 New England colleges graduated one student for every 2200 of the population. Now it is one for every three thousand.

Rooms in Harvard dormitories cost from $300 down to $46 per year. Some students pay as high as $450 for rooms, and furnish them to suit their tastes.

Miss Helen Gladstone, the daughter of the Premier, is one of the successful candidates in this year's class list of Cambridge University examinations.

The youngest of the Zulus brought to this country by Barnum was one of the applicants for admission to Columbia College, and passed with but one condition.

Bowdoin has an unknown benefactor whose gifts of money come unheralded, unsought, and unconditioned. Last year he sent $10,000 and and this year $15,000.

The professors of Columbia receive the highest salaries given, varying from $7,500 to $3,385; those of Harvard, from $1,000 to $3,000; those of Oxford, £900 to £400.

Wellesley College opened this year under the most favorable auspices, and bids fair to be the first female college in the United States. The freshman class numbers 130, and 200 applicants were refused within sixty days previous to the opening.

The Freshman class at Harvard numbers 220, at Yale 200, at Cornell 212, at Amherst 90, at the University of California 61, at Dartmouth 90, at Brown 66, at Trinity 28, at Hamilton 62, at Williams 75, at Rochester 50, at Connecticut Wesleyan 60, and Wellesly 130, with 200 rejected applications.

To the scheme of elective courses at Harvard have been added four courses in the Semitic Languages, three in Hebrew, one in Arabic, three in Sanskrit, two in Philosophy and one on the Mythology and Religious Institutions of the Greeks and Romans. Public readings from Hebrew, and lectures on the Vedas are also announced.

PLUNDER.

Professor.—"Can any one tell the original of the expression 'go to?'" Embryo minister—"Perhaps there was something more to it once, and they left it off because it did not sound well"

Prof. in physics—"Can you think of any reason why a locomotive does not last any longer?" Pale Freshie.—"I suppose it would last longer if it didn't smoke so much."

A very modest young lady, who was a passenger on board a packet ship, it is said, sprang out of her berth and jumped overboard on hearing the captain, during a storm, order the mate to haul down the sheet.

Prof.—"Archimedes, you say, discovered specific gravity, on getting into his bath—why had the principle never before occurred to him?"

Student.—"Probably this was the first time he ever took a bath!"

Professor of Latin.—"Mr. S., I see you are a trifle rusty in the rudiments. Will you decline Mulier?" Mr. S.—"Mulier, Mu—professor, I should like to know what sort of a looking woman this is, before I *decline* her."

A VICTIM OF POKER.

A Junior, George Washington Sackett,
Had a pair and three aces to back it;
When a man with four queens
So diminished his means
That he now works the old free-lunch racket.

Professor.—Mr. H., give me an example of inseparable friendship, similar to that existing between Castor and Pollux.

Mr. H.—Orestes and Pylades.

Prof.—Good! Very Good! and now let me have one from more modern times.

Mr. H.—(after short hesitation). Lord and Taylor.

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
And he was wondrous wise;
And everywhere that Mary went
He scratched out both his eyes.

He followed her to school one day
With all his might and main;
It made the children laugh and play,
And so he scratched them in again.

There was a man in our town,
His fleece was white as snow.
He jumped into a bramble bush,
Where the lamb was sure to go;

And when he found his eyes were out,
Which was against the rule,
He jumped into another bush
To see the lamb at school,

What makes the lamb love Mary so?
For she herself hath said it!
Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,
And it's greatly to her credit.

—*Brunonian.*

Prex.—"What can you say of this kind of memory?"

Senior.—

Prex.—"Passing over the point we take up the example given in the book."

Senior.—

Prex.—"But this is an unimportant point. You may state the underlying principle."

Senior.—

Prex.—"Let me put the question in another form. There is the representing and the recognizing element, is there not?"

Senior.—"Yes, sir."

Prex.—"That is right. It is as you have said"—*Yale News.*

ST. NICHOLAS.

The charming magazine for boys and girls, edited by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, has increased so much in size and number of pages during the year past that the publishers have been obliged to issue the yearly volume in two parts, instead of one as heretofore. As to its circulation, they report a gain of 10,000 in the average monthly edition of 1880 over 1879. The announcements for the coming year include a capital serial story for boys, full of exciting adventure, "In Nature's Wonderland," or, Adventures in the American Tropics; Stories of Art and Artists, by Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, a faithful outline of the history of European Art, with many illustrations; "Phæton Rogers," a delightful and humorous serial by Rossiter Johnson; "Mystery of a Mansion," a six months' serial; The Treasure-Box of Literature, directing and encouraging young people in the best reading; The Agassiz Association, fully explained in the November number; "Two English Queens," by Mrs. Oliphant; "The Land of Nod," a children's operetta, with music,—full of charming tableaux and effects; A series of beautiful illustrated Ballads for Young Folks, beginning with the Christmas number; A Special Budget of Fairy Stories by Frank R. Stockton—the first of which is in the November number; An Indian Story by "Bright Eyes," the Ponca Indian maiden; a splendid holiday story, "A Christmas with the Man in the Moon," by Washington Gladden. Open-air Papers, stories of sports, and games, will be continued, with all the popular departments.

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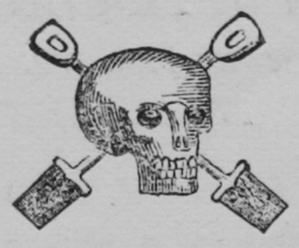

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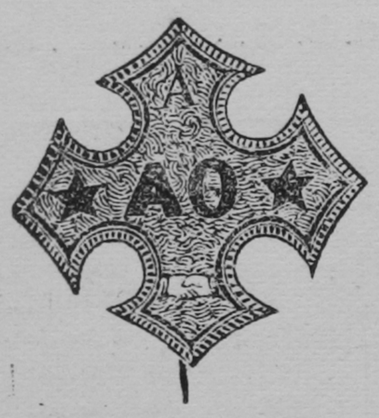

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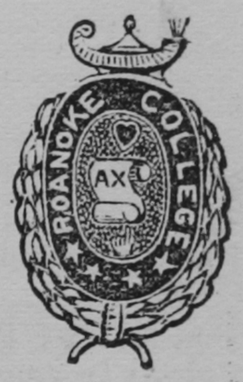

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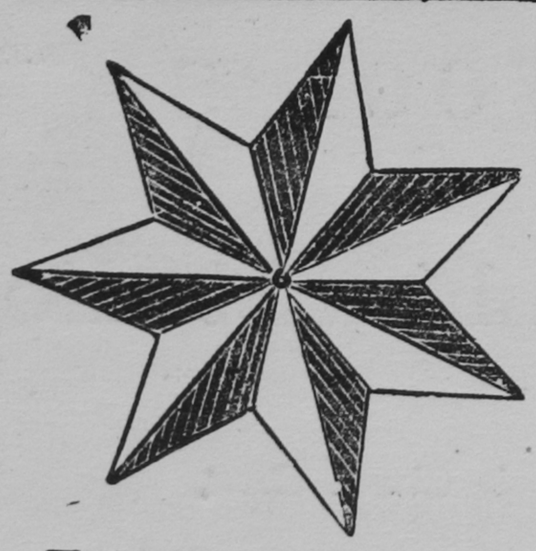

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